

# We Gotta Do Better

Z-Ro

Damn, this shit crazy than a motherfucker  
That brother hate that brother  
That sister hate that sister  
That brother hate that sister  
And that sister hate that brother  
Man we tripping  
Damn!

We gotta do better  
This shit ain't right (This shit ain't right)  
And we gotta do better  
Cuz this ain't life (Cuz this ain't life)  
If all the brothers hating brothers  
And the sisters hating sisters  
Ain't gone be nobody left to represent  
Hope we get our shit together  
Fo' we all kill each other  
Like poof gone with no evidence  
Ugh

I just wanna know why we can't keep our personal shit to ourselves (Stay off the internet tho')  
And I just wanna know why we always talkin' down on somebody else  
Laughing at her shoes, laughing at his clothes (Hahaha)  
I'm trippin' cuz we still doin' this, when we this old (Damn)  
We say we love our people, but we never show it tho' (Damn)  
If you got nothing good to day then please keep your lips closed  
Sister (Listen)  
Why you always sayin' what he did to ya (Listen)  
Cuz you forgot to say what you did tho' (I guess you forgot)  
He don't get credit for none of the shit he give to ya  
Tellin' him you miss your ex cuz he did mo' (That's messed up)  
Brother  
Why you hate on your own kind  
Instead of congratulating that man, you like he ain't shit (Why tho'?)  
Like we wasn't slaves together, but now we hate each other  
Well then if we ain't picking cotton, I guess we can't clique

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I know you used to see me wit  
People you won't see me wit  
No mo' (Arrivederci, but I wish ya'll the best tho')  
It wasn't real, it was like tv shit  
Stevie could've seen the shit  
And been like, oh no  
When will we learn to keep it real and say what we want

Like I'm just tryin to get what I can get and then I'm gone  
It don't hurt to say I apologize when I'm wrong  
But since you never did, I talk about ya in my song  
Will we stop killin' each other, that's what I wanna know  
Cuz when the law kill us, we march, we don't kill 'em tho'  
Ya'll could've talk it out, you hit him with the trigga tho'  
That's somebody's son and you just another dead nigga tho'  
You feel bad cuz your homie doing 5 to life  
Cuz you recorded the fight and posted it to get some likes  
Stop tryin to always play to victim baby, get a life  
Get off them reality shows and let God get cha right

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Rodney King style  
I mean can't we all just get along  
Goddamn  
I don't give a damn what color you are  
Black, white, brown  
Orange, green, yellow, purple  
It's the world  
So let's get it together